

REVOLUTIONS:

A

POEM.

[PRICE 2S.]

REVOLUTIONS

POEM

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REVOLUTIONS:

A

POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY

P. COURTIER,

AUTHOR OF POEMS, &c. &c.

'Tis joyous pastime, round the sparkling glass,
To plan the wreck of states; and matchless wit
For Luxury on silken beds reclin'd,
While genial fires refresh his *soiling* sense,
To send his Millions forth in quest of gain,
To brave new storms, and sleep on planks of Ice:
But still a greater privilege of Power,
TO SIGN A WARRANT FOR THE DEATH OF WORLDS!

Vide page 37.

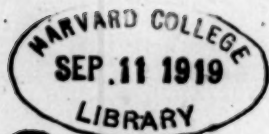
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TO

THE READER.

AS the plan of the following Poem may be presented in a few words, I have declined any Introduction in the shape of an Argument, and shall state in this place its general intent.

After some preliminary observations, the American is the first REVOLUTION noticed in the ensuing pages; as a relief between this and that of the French, a few conjectures are offered on the primary effects of Printing, with a view of the benefits resulting from the discovery of that art. France then becomes the subject of attention; and the principal events of her Revolution, till the fall of *Robespierre*, form the greater part of the First Book; which terminates with some reflections on the Dismemberment of Poland, and the probability of that country regaining its Independence.

The Second Book commences with a comparative retrospect of History and Prophecy, whence is shewn their Relative Harmony;—the Expectation of happier years, and the reasonable ground on which that Expectation is built;—the Promises of Divine Revelation, and the corresponding Improvement of Society.

If in the execution of this Design, through prejudice or passion, any improper assertions occur; such he can truly affirm will be matter of regret to their author. A Friend to Liberty, but an Enemy to Licentiousness, in whatever mask it may appear, he does not expect the unqualified approbation of Party: for those who, in this age, are professedly attached to our Constitution, will not be disposed to tolerate the freedom with which he has delivered his opinions; nor will many who deem themselves advocates for “The Rights of Man,” be pleased with the respect which he has shewn to Religion. The first will observe, that it favours of DEMOCRACY; and the latter, that the author is not properly *regenerated* from the rust of SUPERSTITION. To those who may aver

that it favours of Democracy, it is fruitless to reply; as argument, with them, will seldom outweigh prepossession: but to such as discern the traces of Superstition, I answer;— That had the BIBLE appeared to *me* the Nurse of Slavery, I never should have esteemed it so highly: on the contrary, I believe that the People by whom its Truths are *understood*, its Rules *observed*, and its Examples *imitated*, can never be subjected to TYRANNY.

The reception which my first efforts have obtained, has perhaps accelerated the appearance of this piece: hence, however, let it not be inferred, that I have presumed to bring before the Public a production carelessly written. Well aware that in those powers which produced a former Volume, improvement would now be expected, I have omitted no endeavour, either by Experience or Advice, to render this performance somewhat superior to its predecessor. Yet these endeavours have not answered my wishes. Some were for, others against, the publication of this Poem: till wearied with Consultation; in the true

spirit of an Author, who like the Parent is ever disposed to favour his Offspring, I agreed with those who thought that it should be published.

To neglect the institutions of Fashion, is, in these Times, no inconsiderable offence: therefore, to those who will be displeased on seeing the NOTES at the bottom of the page, I plead the usage of *Antiquity*; and hope to be excused with such a respectable *precedent*: besides, the Notes to be found in these pages, being only the *Names* of Persons therein alluded to, it would have been a little inconsistent to have made them a Supplement to the Poem.

P. COURTIER.

London,
August 5, 1796.

REVOLUTIONS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Reader is requested to correct as follows :

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 297, for

And for the Wretch thy patriot would crush,

Read, And for the Wretch thy patriot soul would crush, &c.

Page 31, line 183, for

O! Mary, in vain—" My Father, what is wealth?

Read, Mary, in vain—" My Father, what is wealth? &c.

Page 33, line 240, for

He rears to Mary the Funeral pile;

Read, He rears to Mary the Funereal pile; &c.

Fierce Devastator of the human race,
Infatiate War! when will thy progress end? 10
And savage Passion, curb'd by Reason's sway,
No longer triumph in another's blood.
Since Fratricide convuls'd our groaning race,
Hast thou, dread Monster! shook the astonish'd Earth;

spirit of an Author, who like the Parent is ever disposed to favour his Offspring, I agreed with those who thought that it should be published.

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 Notes to be found in these pages.

REVOLUTIONS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ERE War's malignant trump refuse to blow,
Ere Anarchy recall his wasting arm,
And sheathe the Dagger's point; may the adventurous
muse

Sing of those Tempests which have ceas'd to howl, 5
Survey the wrecks of Desolation's shore,
And from the remnant of disburthen'd clouds,
Indulge the prospect of a brighter Day.

Fierce Devastator of the human race,
Infatiate War! when will thy progress end? 10
And savage Passion, curb'd by Reason's sway,
No longer triumph in another's blood.
Since Fratricide convuls'd our groaning race,
Hast thou, dread Monster! shook the astonish'd Earth;

Extended o'er the Globe thy dismal reign, 15
 Torn Empires from their roots, Nature defac'd,
 And veil'd her beauties with the weeds of Death.
 Ambition—'twas from thy Herculean forge
 Those Conquerors arose whose wild desires
 Have delug'd Nations in a sea of gore: 20
 Heedless of social ties, by thee impell'd,
 Onward they rush'd, and at one dreadful stroke
 Sever'd the harmonies of private life.
 Fatal inversion of immortal strength!
 That thirst for Fame, that never-dying wish, 25
 Which fires the bosoms of a chosen few,
 (Heaven's choicest boon, when Heaven directs its use;)
 This prime of blessings, vain imperious man
 Has made the inflictor of innumerable ills;
 And talents meant to raise him to the skies, 30
 He gives to uses of infernal note.

As o'er the volumes of Historic lore
 Wings the Reflective eye, how oft she stops
 To weep for mortal strife; appall'd she views
 The frowning Pyramids by Pride uprais'd, 35
 Who vainly hop'd to chain admiring worlds,
 And grasp the praise of ages yet unborn.

Presumptuous wish! while Superstition's wings
 Lower'd raven blackness on the internal world,
 Such monuments might last; maz'd Ignorance 40
 Commemorate the act, and cloister'd faints
 With incense deify a Tyrant's shade.
 Then fell Oppression in full triumph rode,
 And Glory blazon'd at his chariot wheels;
 Or if the Fiend e'er felt Remorse arise, 45
 Quick with submission's fascinating mien
 Came simpering Flattery, and heal'd the wound;
 Music, assiduous swept her loftiest strings,
 And mad'ning juices, made the Wretch—a God.
 These, Despotism, were thy prosperous days: 50
 Dark as the midnight, when he chose to roam,
 Stalk'd Depredation forth, and dragg'd his prey
 To Priestcraft's dire Inquisitorial Court;
 Murder was canoniz'd, and Ruin shone
 In pompous Titles and Imperial robes. 55
 Thus thro' successive years the blinded throng,
 Struck with the magic of Ambition's rays,
 Applaud his deeds, and Hail their Common Foe!
 But say, ye weak discriminating few,
 Whom Genius fir'd, Philosophy illum'd, 60
 What could induce your cultivated minds

To weave a chaplet for Destruction's brow?
 Ye must have felt Humanity's soft glow,
 Have known the virtues which endear mankind;
 Say, did the glaring meteor of Renown 65
 Involve the mirror which Perception held?
 That War suppresses every Liberal art,
 Freezes the social current of the Soul,
 Palsies the arm of Useful Enterprize,
 And spreads a Winter o'er Parnassian plains; 70
 Experience saw, Conviction must have own'd:
 From whatsoever source the action sprang,
 Futile it proves. On Intellectual realms
 Bright Information dawns; her growing beams
 Have pierc'd the impervious shade; Injustice now 75
 Appears not *just*, tho' clad in pious robes;
 And Victors, seen with philanthropic eyes,
 Resemble Locusts of superior might!

Steer'd by the hand of Philosophic skill,
 O'er the wild furies of the Atlantic sea 80
 Intrepid Freedom sail'd; and there diffus'd
 The genuine ardor which her cause inspires.
 Quick thro' each rank the enthusiasm spread,
 And Heroes rose,—the culture of *a day*.

This dread contention for your native rights 85
 Was just ; worthy possessors of a clime
 Where Nature seems to reign magnificent
 In ancient grandeur unchastis'd by Art :
 But for such purposes why feign a cause ?
 Ye could no longer brook maternal sway, 90
 And like the youth arriv'd to manhood's date,
 Would fain disjoin the shackles of restraint :
 Nor could the Parent shield her growing tribes ;
 Too far away to recognize the wants
 Of such extended states, 'twas time to quit 95
 Cumb'rous authority, and set them free.
 Had such reflections rul'd Britannia's weal,
 Her sons had never drawn the warlike sword,
 Nor *Friends* have met to fill the gulf of Death.
 Since mutual slaughter only could suffice, 100
 The Muse with pride commemorates the man
 Who led his Country's champions to the field,
 And by his valour taught them how to die.
 Illustrious Chief ! to Time's remotest verge
 Thy name shall live ; and lisping Innocence 105
 Tell of America's undaunted Sire !
 Yet, Washington, amid this well-earn'd fame,
 Doth not in Meditation's solemn hour

A fearful act intrude ; whose ghastly view
 Abates the glow of patriotic joy ? 110
 Accomplish'd André ! o'er thy mournful bier
 The gentle virtues weep ; and Love's soft Bird
 Repeats the sorrows of his Mother's heart.
 But not unhonour'd is thy blooming worth ;
 Amid the Stars of Albion's hemisphere, 115
 Thy name with undiminish'd glory shines ;
 Oft as she passes near thy vernal shrine,
 Young Beauty pays the homage of her tears ;
 Grey Valour too, heaves there a kindred sigh,
 And wipes the tribute from his manly front ! 120
 Thine was a sentence so severely dire,
 As dims the fairest trophies of success ;
 A blot which Liberty must still lament,
 And gives a fresh humiliating proof,
 That perfect excellence is not for *man*. 125

Hail Typographic art, Truth's telegraph ;
 By whom she speaks to universal man
 Thro' every period of succeeding time,
 'Twas thine to rend the intellective film,
 And cast on Gothic shades a ray divine. 130
 Before thy torch mysterious Terror fled,

And wild dismay benumb'd Deception's thought ;
 A temporary Death ! for watchful Gain
 Presented Ruin in his Hydra shapes,
 And urg'd the exertion of her utmost strength : 135
 From sloth re-wakened by such potent calls,
 Around the cast Irresolution's glare,
 Dubious as yet what measures to pursue ;
 But soon by wary Circumspection led,
 She trod the public walks, and there surpris'd, 140
 Beheld her numerous progeny secure
 In Academic shades ; where, with new power,
 Scholastic jargon held the world in chains.
 Wearied at length with Zealot anarchy,
 Philosophy began the Augean task, 145
 And cited Falshood to the public Bar.
 There, stript of all her solemn circumstance,
 The Hag in true deformity appear'd.
 First with sophisticated argument
 She met the accusations of her Judge ; 150
 But his stern eye rent Misconception's veil,
 And held her wretched stratagems to view,
 Till Indignation fir'd the common soul.
 Conjecture critical ! for whelming floods
 Of endless ruin threaten'd all her schemes. 155

Unable longer to defend her cause
 With Disputation's aid ; hopeless dismay,
 And deep research, by turns convuls'd her frame :
 As when with unexpected fury thrown
 From precipice immense, the victim clings 160
 To aught projecting that may save his fall ;
 Or, when extended on the bed of Death,
 Old Sensuality intent on Life,
 Receives from Medicine the hope of Cure ;
 So Falshood joy'd, when as her Advocate 165
 Unspent Corruption came ; and to the darts
 Enquiry threw, oppos'd his golden Ægis.
 Each Archer now a soft delirium felt,
 His arm fell nerveless, and his bow unstrung ;
 Assembled men the tame infection caught, 170
 Again resigning their contended rights.

Tho' Confidence, dogmatically wrong,
 Assum'd the semblance of undoubted facts,
 And Clamour serv'd the purpose of Debate ;
 From age to age were seen some patriot souls, 175
 Bold to arraign their arrogant decrees :
 Some with the sportive pen of Ridicule,
 Held up to Mirth political intrigue ,

Others, excited by a virtuous rage,
 Depicted Slavery in dreadful state, 180
 And hues saturnine, whose terrific sight
 Stagnated horrible the pulse of life.
 Thus did the lucid fount of Science, pour
 Instruction forth; with unremitting zeal
 Her votaries analyz'd the copious stream; 185
 Anxious to root each sentimental weed,
 And clear the mists which prejudice had fum'd.
 Nor, deathless Sages! are those labours vain;
 For, while amid your theoretic codes
 Some premature decisions may be found, 190
 (Like thistles mingled with the bearded grain;)

Yet from your works Discrimination culls
 The choicest blossoms of the Olympian mount;
 Balsamic odours, whose perennial charms
 At once delight and rectify the mind. 195

Awak'd by Reason's everlasting trump,
 From her ignoble sleep, see Gallia rise!
 And, taught by those whose conflicts she partook,
 Sever the links of Despotism's chain.
 As from the shadows of departing Night, 200
 Emerges Lucifer in orient charms,

The smiling harbinger of rosy hours,
 Unclouded broke the Revolution morn !
 Since by the mandate of Omnipotence,
 From trackless regions of chaotic mass 205
 Arose this fair-complexion'd state of things,
 This constellation of eternal might !
 Admiring Europe never had beheld
 Such congregated energies of bliss
 As hail'd the birth of Liberty in France. 210
 O that such happiness had still remain'd ;
 Nor Truth inflexible, on other themes,
 Requir'd the pause of agonizing thought.

What epithets shall justly mark thy deeds,
 What sounds articulate thy horrid yell, 215
 Indurate Anarchy ! 'Tis thine to see,
 Unmov'd, the slaughter of surrounding friends,
 And bathe thy sinews in their fluid stream.
 The dismal moanings of acutest pain
 To thee are gentle symphonies ; and groans 220
 That issue dreadful from the embattled plain,
 Hoarse with the thunder of the Cannon's throat,
 Compose the Chorus of thy grisly band.
 In climes unciviliz'd, where passion foams

By judgment unrestrain'd, thou mightst exhaust 225

Without surprize thy maledictive rage:

But why for polish'd days such crimes reserve?

Why ope in Gallia thy Pandorian box?

'Tis done.—And from the caverns of Despair,

Where cold Malignity, in fetters bound, 230

Sat brooding schemes of inexperience'd woe,

Rush the fell Ministers of human blood;

And perpetrate in day's meridian beams

Acts that might blacken midnight's deepest shade.

Among the victims who untimely fell 235

On those polluted days *, when age or sex

Held not the arm of sanguinary lust;

But hoar Integrity and blameless Youth,

With those whom foul transgression mark'd to die,

Perish'd alike beneath the Assassin's blade. 240

Unhappy Fair †! at thy disgraceful fate

Strong indignation reddens Virtue's cheek;

The heart of sensibility recoils,

And hesitates to own the name of *man*.

* The 2d and 3d of September.

† The Princess Lamballe.

Freedom! how are thy sacred rights abus'd! 245

Thy dispensations how misunderstood!

In thy fair pages no decrees appear

Form'd to confer impunity on vice;

Thy laws are Equity, thy dictates pure,

Thy bravery magnanimously mild. 250

And see, upon the frontier of the North,

A valiant band, whose dauntless fortitude

Proclaims the soil where Independence thrives:

RUALT, with thee the citizens of Lisle

Bright in the Historic Firmament will shine; 255

And Liberty triumphantly denote

The spot where once her sweetest laurels blew.

Nor shall the squadrons that assail'd Jemappe,

Unheeded pass; as Tyranny beholds

The vigor of emancipated hosts, 260

O'er all his limbs shall nerveless Terror creep;

And from his eye the glass magnific drop.

Extending South on Gallia's fertile plains,

Lo! Discord rears his pestilential stand.

Warn'd by the ceaseless Knell, Hyenas spring 265

From every covert of the woodland maze:

Not the fierce billows of that dismal Sea *,
 Which, frowning on the camp that Pharoah led
 To the tremendous path for Israel's sons,
 Cut by the Architect of countless worlds, 270
 More dreadful foam'd,—than thou indignant Loire,
 When on thy waves was hurl'd the murderous bark!
 Thousands, deluded by the specious bait
 Of safe conveyance to a better shore,
 Eager embrac'd the prospect of repose: 275
 Repose they found, but found it—in the grave.
 Majestic River! how revers'd thy fate,
 Erst on thy limpid surface Pleasure fail'd;
 Variety the sportive pendent spread;
 Love breath'd his blissful vows, and every sense 280
 Was harmoniz'd by Music's dulcet spell.

Like her † who once afflicted by the wrongs
 Her country bore, with Inspiration's horn
 Retrievid the forces scatter'd by Dismay,
 And, girt with Justice, led to Victory's mount, 285
 Arose the beauteous Norman: but unlike
 Orleans' sweet enthusiastic maid,
 No glorious mission from the eternal skies,

* The Red Sea. † Joan of Arc.

To kindle fervour in a drooping land,
 Cordée could boast; a dread resolve, alone, 290
 To fell the baleful Tree, whose dismal boughs
 To her shook mildews, pestilence, and death,
 O'er every corner of her native soil,
 Upheld the purpose of her youthful arm.
 Heroic Nymph! tho' misapply'd the steel, 295
 Temper'd by valour for thy country's good;
 And for the Wretch thy patriot^{ful} would crush,
 Fell but the Harpy * of his hellish power;
 Yet shall Reflection, as she scans thy tale,
 Lamenting much the remedy unjust, 300
 Extol the motives of a gloomy deed.

Again the Murderous Instrument uplifts
 Its restless axe; for flesh grown ravenous
 By quick supplies, its ponderous jaws demand
 A feast not made of ordinary men, 305
 Refreshment high, and sumptuous Plenitude:
 It comes †—the cavalcade of Horror comes!
 Genius and Virtue make the black repast.
 The Representatives of free-born men,
 Vested by millions with their dearest rights; 310

* Marat. † The execution of the 43 Deputies.

And sent the Organs of their awful voice,
 To speak their sentiments, and frame their laws,
 Are gulph'd by Faction in th' unknown abyss!
 Ye who could raze the Bastille's haughty towers,
 Whose courage wrench'd the iron bolts of grief, 315
 And bid emaciate Integrity
 Fearless survey the cheerful orb of light;
 Could ye thus pusillanimous behold
 Despotic Demagogues those acts annul?
 Perhaps too soon in Freedom's active field, 320
 Ye fell the opposers of tyrannic sway:
 'Twas well—your eye-lids were for ever shut
 To sublunary ills; nor pain'd to see
 Griefs that Expression falters to recount.
 But if Humanity, with placid eye, 325
 E'er saw devoted to the blade of fate
 Unpitied guilt and execrated crimes,
 'Twas when * Egalité untimely bled.
 Seer in Iniquity—while faltering Vice
 Disclaims a kin so base, thy hateful name 330
 Shall stand in History's conspicuous roll
 The detestation of Consenting Years.

* The ci-devant Duc D'Orleans.

Where, Virtue! where resides thy vaunted strength;
Where the perfection of mortality?

Oh! from thy Babel-noisy Pride descend, 335

Examine here thy confidential claims;

Behold the base on which thy fabric rests,

And with Humility ask—*What is Man?*

Boast not, vain man, of thy superior gifts;

Another lesson Arrogance may learn: 340

* Roland, before thy penetrating mind

How insignificant the Pedant sinks:

Hence Ostentation with thy swelling robes,

Look consequential, and monastic brow,

(That oft conceal a paucity within;) 345

For know that Female intellect can reach

The highest pinnacle of Learning's fane;

Can strew her rugged aisles with Fancy's wreaths,

And dress in smiles what terrified with frowns.

† Bailly! amid the undistinguish'd heap 350

Of those who sprang from nothing up to power;

Who, seizing what they had not skill to guide,

O'erthrew the unwieldy vessel of the State,

* Madame Roland wife of the Minister.

† M. Bailly, the first Mayor of Paris.

And clos'd existence in its pond'rous wreck ;
 Impartiality thy loss deplores : 355
 Great was thy mind, thy knowledge multiform ;
 And, with contemporaneous mass compar'd,
 Cloudless Diana to the glimmering worm.

On what a sandy eminence is built
 The greatest Throne Magnificence can rear ! 360
 How insecure the ramparts of Defence,
 By Time and Prejudice encircled round !
 Once o'er the myriads of Europa's sons,
 If Old Authority but shook his rod,
 Even griping Want withheld the clam'rous tongue ;
 Giant Resistance dwindled to a dwarf, 366
 And by repentance pacified his wrath.
 Chang'd is Opinion.—Where mankind of late
 Saluted dust, on which the stately foot
 Of Royalty had trod ; where patience bore 370
 Unmurmuring, the Lordly stripes of Vice ;
 And Monarchy in Eastern splendor sat ;
 There the dread charm of Centuries is broke :
 And Bourbon's ancient house, whose brilliant court
 Excited envy in surrounding Kings, 375

Expiring lies; the last fair victim * bleeds !
 Whatever thy relations might incur,
 To thee Malignity could not attach;
 Thine was a conduct which defy'd reproach;
 Thy only guilt—the *Sister of a King*. 380

Whence that respectful Form advancing firm,
 Whose locks now cover'd with the snows of Time,
 And eye serene, integrity bespeak.
 'Tis *he* who met the storm, when sycophants
 Forgot the hand whose bounty had supply'd 385
 Their wants and pleasures too: *he* still remain'd,
 Defended still his Sovereign's hapless cause.
 Malherbes! to thy transcendent worth, the Muse
 This grateful tribute gives; she too can feel
 For thy ill-fated King; Gallia he lov'd, 390
 Desir'd her welfare, but mistook the means.
 Bred in a servile Court, what Prudence taught
 Deception overthrew; and in his mind
 Irresolution was the greatest fault.
 Much, great Malherbes! fidelity like thine 395
 The Muse reveres: sentenc'd to undergo
 For Friendship's offices a public death:

* Madame Elizabeth.

Nor thou alone ; with thee must fall thy child,
 The lovely Rozambeau ! Demoniac spleen
 Pursuing thus a life which soon had ceas'd ; 400
 Nor then appeas'd till spotless Beauty dy'd.

From depths where dwell the ministers of wrath,
 Halituous properties exhale, whose shades
 Perplex the visual orb ; the Arch-fiend himself M
 Bewilder'd seems in cogitation dark : 405
 Omniscient he, in evil ; sees from far,
 Bounding resistless, that eternal stone,
 Whose weight immutable shall fix his doom.
 He, as Caligula once did of Rome,
 Desires alike of universal man ; 410
 Who once rebellious, Deity arraign'd
 His care peculiar labours to destroy :
 For this, O Man, he subjugates thy sense,
 And with thy threats would brave the God of life
 Till Desolation wrapt the Globe in flames. 415
 Oppos'd ; he raves with indissoluble hate
 Against Almighty strength, contracting still
 His machinations dread. This nether sphere
 Shakes ominous of some important change.

He falls *—the Delegate of Darknefs falls ! 420
 And with him, hurl'd from their Mountainous height,
 A hideous tribe ; while infamy impure,
 And punishment eventful, there in store
 For unsuspecting truth, impetuous sweep
 Their own Vicegerents to the black profound. 425
 Nigrescent mists, that from the vital fount
 Of slaughter'd man incessant rose, disperse ;
 Expectance awful, now no longer throbs
 The tortur'd mind ; mishapen Fear withdraws ;
 And man, reviving from narcotic bonds, 430
 Exalted sees 'mid Æther's ambient space,
 Justice descending in the car of day,
 With niveous vestments clad ; in her right hand
 Aloft she bears the Casket of the Skies,
 Her courfers Judgment, Amity, and Peace ; 435
 While the bright Angel of the Mercy seat,
 Preceding, spreads the joyful news around.
 The animating train alight ; and lo !
 Dungeons of living death, where blank Despair
 Existed, senseless of the gift of breath, 440
 Unloose their *bars* : the Sepulchre of hope
 Expands its labouring womb, emitting thence

* Robespierre and his miscreants.

Rekindled vigour and transporting blifs:
 The multifarious progeny of Grief,
 Who, late like him to Niniveh ordain'd, 445
 When Difobedience met its juft award
 Within the Monfter of the briny realms;
 Like him, to fublunary profpects clos'd,
 Not Jonah more rejoic'd, than thefe again
 To view the folar beam; nor he to hear 450
 The gracious voice of Abfolution fpeak,
 Than thefe, "Ye fufferers—the Tyrant falls!"

'Tis paft—the reign of Tyranny is paft:
 And bloated Faction, (tho' his nightly dens
 Teem with new plots of Death;) fhall foon expire 455
 Amid the writhings of unvented rage.

And thou too, haplefs Poland! thou fhalt rife
 Above the ftems of war; yes, thou fhalt quit
 The wiles of Ruffia, and her harpy fangs:
 Then, Kosciusko! yet awhile bear up 460
 Beneath the tedious yoke; remember ftill
 Thy fuffering Country, and exift for her.
 For ſhe remembers thee; and waits the day
 (Soon it will dawn,) of Retributive right.

Then, with the laurels of eternal Fame, 465
 She'll bind thy patriot brow ; and with her own,
 Avenge the injuries which thou hast felt.

Nor to the Northern hemisphere confin'd
 Triumphant Liberty—returning Peace.
 The days, (why linger such resplendent days?) 470
 The days approach, when hoar Antiquity
 Shall cease to justify Despotic claims ;
 When Fury, drest in Freedom's sacred robes,
 Shall wreck no more the amities of life :
 Such times *the Prophecies of Truth* unfold ; 475
 And, ere the word of prophecy recoils,
 Yon Sun shall wane in everlasting Night ;
 Retiring Firmaments unveil their God,
 And Chaos rend the axis of the world !

REVOLUTIONS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

LONG from the towers of Prophecy; her Watch,
Observant of events, have warn'd a heedless world:
And Time's deep knell beats solemn to the call.
First, Noah preach'd to a degraded race;
Who blind to truth, to admonition deaf,
Derided judgments which at length o'erwhelm'd
The bold Iniquity of early days.
Jacob, beloved Patriarch! next foretold
The birth of Shiloh; whose immortal death
Should on repentant men new life bestow.
Shiloh was Jesus:—Is not Jesus come?
He is. And seated on his Father's throne,
Above the Sceptic's sneer:—Whence he will come,
In Glory come, to Judge Assembled Man!

Where is Affyria, Niniveh, and where 15
 The Babylonian power? where Tyrian pride?
 And where the Monarchy that Egypt own'd?
 " Their pride shall crumble, and their splendor fade,"
 Said Inspiration; and their Glories died!
 And O Jerusalem! Where are thy tribes, 20
 The favourites of Heaven? Are they not driven
 From shore to shore, and scourg'd in every land;
 Yet live unmindful of th' Avenging arm,
 Expecting still their Shiloh and their King?
 This was predicted in the page divine; 25
 Behold its dread completion:—in that page
 Read too the Great Certificate of Life,
 And prize the Record where their toils appear.
 Eternal Life! And need there miracles,
 (Completed Prophecies are Miracles, 30
 Were all beside a fiction:)—need we such proofs
 To urge the acceptance of Eternal Life?
 Shrinks not the soul from *never-ending Sleep*?
 Does not the thought of *Nothingness to come*,
 Congeal the springs of Honour and of Fame? 35
 It does. And yet there are who often wish
 Oblivious infamy in Death's embrace!
 'Tis Infamy in an Immortal heir,

To wish for less than life :—a wish, too oft,
 Not consequent on Earth's oppressive weight ; 40
 But cheerless Infidelity ; whose sense,
 Much as he deprecates the wrongs of time,
 Rejects Celestial prospects ; while his eye
 Reverts to miseries he cannot bear.
 And now, even now, when History presents 45
 “ A Cloud of Witnesses” for Heavenly Truth,
 And Revolutions crowd the thickening gloom,
 Yet will not Infidelity confess
 The hand Omnipotent which thus directs
 The strife of Nations to perform his will : 50
 Nor hear the Thunders whose tremendous bursts
 Announce his second Advent ! still Sceptics rage,
 Increasing rage : and well they may,—for soon
 Religion will prevail ; and Faith, and Love,
 Subdue the mind of Enmity to peace. 55
 So Revelation speaks,—and jarring states,
 Prevailing negligence in sacred rites,
 Loud Unbelief, tenacious of the wrong,
 Six thousand years of sublunary care,
 And aged chronicles of human woes, 60
 Confirm the glorious words ! And see advance

The long-expected years, when War's black toils
Shall yield the grateful harvest of Repose.

Fair smiling Peace! how oft at thy return,
When weeping Beauty would detain thy feet, 65
Has Discord bid thy auspices depart:
Eugenia from her childish days had seen
The young Alcander; their pastimes were the same,
Till growing seasons bid them separate;
Him to the paths of Learning, and the maid 70
To better cares. Beneath maternal love
Eugenia grew in virtuous elegance:
She lov'd Alcander, but a happy love
Her bosom knew; unmingled with alloy:
Not the fierce Passion of our riper years 75
When dread anxiety suspends delight.
The twelfth revolving Summer had display'd
Its golden treasures since Alcander went;
And in Eugenia each transporting grace
Gave deeper int'rest, more affecting bloom'd. 80
Alcander saw her, and with speechless joy
Heard the confessions of a virtuous heart,
That dwelt delighted on their former hours:

He felt—but more than Admiration ; Love
 Ensnar'd his soul, and check'd his rapt'rous thought.
 His Parent saw the change ; and much he strove 86
 (From true regard, not mercenary views,)

To rouse Alcander from Affection's chain.
 He fled ; and in his Country's martial ranks
 Obtain'd the prize of Valour,—Beauty's smiles ! 90
 The day was fixt, arrang'd the Bridal robes,
 And Peace returning, o'er the gloom of war
 Had spread her rosy veil ; when clashing arms
 Summon'd Alcander forth. Eugenia wept ;—
 (But tears are fruitless on the burning sword) 95
 Alcander went reluctant :—for his breast,
 Tho' high to glory, could not loose Eugenia :
 For *her* he valued life,—for *her* alone !
 Various the Battle's fate ; he who erewhile
 The palm of Victory bore, now bravely falls ! 100
 Eugenia, torn between suspense and hope,
 Look'd for Alcander :—Expectation drew
 The Youth returning with augmented fame,
 And Love in triumph on her foldier's brow !
 Alas ! no longer from Alcander's eyes 105
 Beam inexpressive blifs :—no more he flies,
 On Pleasure's wing, to meet his lovely maid !

Those orbs are fasten'd with the seal of Death;
 Those limbs are mangled with the knife of War!
 She hears the dreadful tidings; and aghast— 110
 Replies with frantic calls:—till Nature faint,
 Relinquishes her senses to unmeaning woe:
 While to the Parents of this hapless pair,
 The sun of Harmony will set in storms!
 'Tis thus, scarce hush'd the tumult of the field, 115
 When Strife reblows the clarion of Despair;
 Scarce dry'd the floods of gore, when Tyrant lust,
 Or black Contention, send a Deluge forth;
 Peace, Heavenly Messenger! like Noah's Dove,
 Finds not a rest upon this troubled sea: 120
 Yet shall the floods retire, and her bright rays
 Efface the havoc which Distress hath made.

Beneath such genial skies, even Poesy
 May spread a vigorous wing, and nobly dare
 The bold unequal flights of early time. 125
 For know, proud Cynics, who with Stentor's lungs
 Wail o'er the tomb of Genius, and proclaim
 Her energies extinct; that NATURE IS NOT DEAD;
 Nor froze the streams which Sympathy supplies;
 Nor have the drops that Poverty has wrung 130
 From Fancy's eye, dimm'd her celestial ken.

Then happier Seasons may behold her buds
 Expand and ripen mid their cloudless suns.
 Nor deem such prospects vain. Tho' tyrant War,
 In maniac bands would chain aspiring Thought, 135
 And wrench the tongue of Truth; yet are there found
 Ambitious only for the reign of Peace,
 Extended knowledge, and unbounded joy.

COLERIDGE, accept this tribute of respect;
 Respect for Genius of immortal stamp, 140
 Which but irradiates thy private worth.

SOUTHEY with thee claims too the impartial meed
 Due to illustrious talents; and the grace
 Of milder virtues in domestic life.

Favourites of Poesy! O may ye prove 145
 The Heralds of her power: too long mistook
 For lifeless polish and distracted phrase.

Stern-visag'd Nurse, upon whose acid breast
 Wan Melancholy thrives; to Fancy's sons
 Known well as DISAPPOINTMENT! Oh! remove
 From me thy leaden hand; nor ever press 151
 My aching temples till each hopeful joy
 No longer wears a smile. I ask not now
 The negligence of Youth, which only lives

Where Care can never rankle cureless wounds, 155
 For *self* I crave not, but with all the race
 Of Man, who list not Wisdom's speech ; but still,
 Untaught by former griefs, heap ceaseless toil,
 And every woe in mountains on themselves.

But there are griefs which even War creates not, 160
 And which a Public Peace can never heal :—
 The *silent* injuries of private life.

Beneath Domestic Usurpation, bends
 Resistless Beauty ; whose endearing charms
 Are, like the Afric, sold to foreign climes ; 165
 Or chain'd to Masters whose imperious will
 Is abject slavery,—whose pleasures—tasks.
 The artless Mary to Fidelio gave
 Her youthful heart. Tho' Wealth to him
 Held not a lavish hand ; yet Competence 170
 Defy'd the frowns of Want ; and mental gifts,
 Unshaken truth, and innate worth were his.
 Avaro knew that Mary lov'd Fidelio ;
 Yet his Dissent chill'd not the mutual flame :
 (And Oh! ye parents! know that Love *uncheck'd*, 175
 Is Love *approv'd*.) Thus strengthen'd Passion,
 And the happy pair look'd for unmingled sweets ;

When from the Indian shores Petrucio came,
 And fought Avaro to transport his child
 With him, returning to that mart of youth. 180
 Avaro paus'd not; to his fordid eye
 Gold far outshone the treasures of the soul.

8 O Mary, in vain—"My Father, what is wealth?
 "Not one true beam of joy its glittering rays
 "Can ever shed around a broken heart. 185
 "Fidelio loves—loves to distraction, Mary!
 "Ah! if his vows were hateful to thy sight,
 "Why countenanc'd so long? There was a time
 "When Separation had not been so keen!
 "That past,—even Death cannot effect it." 190
 Awhile rage held Avaro's words; at length
 Inflexible, reply'd:—"Mary, a very child!!
 "Thou art indeed, a novice in the world,
 "Unmindful of its charms; this foolish love,
 "Trust me, is but a ferment of thy brain, 195
 "And time will cool it."—Mary—"My Parent!
 "Think not thus. Age has not made you callous:
 "Still in your mind dwells there no lingering trace,
 "No fond memorial of departed years;
 "Not one delight that Inexperience gave; 200
 "Wheneven my father"—"Thy father hears thee not."

So spake Avaro;—and the weeping maid
 Reply'd no more. Yet ere her native clime
 For ever vanish'd from her aching sight,
 With him she lov'd one interview she crav'd: 205
 Denied,—the voice of Intercession broke;
 And, like the Lamb, she met her rigid doom!
 Not so Fidelio. Him, consuming ire,
 And, resolution mad, alternate rack'd.
 He heard that Mary (from his bosom torn,) 210
 Was now committed to the faithless deep;
 And hearing, enter'd as a mariner
 In the same ship; to Mary only known:
 For Sorrow had already mask'd his face,
 In shades uncertain to the common eye. 215
 But here their eager converse was restrain'd,
 To ward Petruchio's glance; nor known their thoughts
 But by the silent eloquence of hearts
 Expressive in the eye; and this exchange
 Oft interrupted by the prying look 220
 Of deep Suspicion, Envy, and Contempt.
 But now the moment came when Danger plucks
 The bar Distinction made. Impending storms
 Ride dreadful in the air; while Alpine seas
 Seem raging for the fight; their forces meet, 225

And grim Destruction leads the squadrons on:
 Vain is the toil of Man—Resistance fails;
 The Vessel fills;—Fidelio—Mary—sink!

Ye Fates who guard the attributes of Love,
 Where was your pity when these lovers died? 230
 And, Oh! shall not parental avarice
 Feel all the stings your anger can inflict?
 Shall not Remorse, and every bitter dreg
 That forms the sediment of human life,
 Embitter all the remnant of his days? 235
 Why sleeps your Justice?—for he feels it not!
 Avaro hears, without one touch of grief,
 The news of Mary's death: but careful still
 To keep appearance from Enquiry's breath,
 He rears to Mary the Funeral pile; 240 *e/*
 And there, in strains Affection scorns to read,
 Laments the loss of her his will destroy'd.
 O wretch indurate! could this verse of mine
 Enkindle horror in thy flinty breast;
 Could these resentful lays but once expose, 245
 And thus exposing, stigmatize thy name;
 Then, then Avaro, would my heaving soul
 Find some relief in its disburthen'd wrath;

Some joy in thus'avenging Mary's cause :
 But she, sweet Saint ! perhaps in death forgave 250
 What I would thus resent ;---nor will I stain
 Her meek benevolence with timeless rage.
 Yet know, Avaro, that the virtuous mind
 Indignant sees the Monumental stone
 Built to *thy* infamy ;---tho' Mary's worth ! 255

Enchanting Sex ! whose single look can smooth
 The deepest furrow that Despair assumes,
 Is such the fond requital which we make
 For the Felicity your smiles bestow ?
 If such the Gallantry of modern times, 260
 I mourn th' extinction of Chilvaric days ;
 For then was Beauty priz'd, and Beauty's tears
 Could draw the sword of each avenging Knight.
 Love---brightest passion of the feeling soul !
 Still breathe thy sighs ! And are thy pleasures felt ?
 Exist there bosoms who can prove thy sway, 266
 And proving, Pity a deriding world ?
 The World,---the great, the mercenary world,
 Mistake thy touch for turbulent desire,
 Loud restless mirth, and each unmeaning gaze : 270
 And Marriage---first of sublunary ties !
 For the fruition of enraged sense :

Thus, when the Dream—the dream of Passion's past,
They wake with Reason to *Disgusted Life*.

Yet does Affection hold her noiseless way 275

Upon this thorny track ; and still there are

Who feel the dear vibrations of her power.

Exalted bosoms ! 'tis for you to spread

The soul-entrancing flame ; for you to raise

Where'er she pines, Defenceless Innocence : 280

Domestic cheerfulness, Connubial joys,

And all the smiling attributes of peace

Await your favour'd steps ; and o'er your groves

Shall sweets perennial branch their bending sheaves.

O ! with the Concord of approaching times 285

Will Purity appear ? Shall Filial Love,

Parental Justice temper'd with delight,

And all the tender interests of Home,

Inspire the race of Man ? For such bright days

Hope long has look'd thro' casements of Despair ;

For such bright days still Expectation sighs ; 291

Soon may they come, and wipe the furrowing tear !

Weak suffering man—(for weak indeed thou art,

Since Miseries precaution cannot shield

Will not suffice, but thou must blacken all, 295

And write their dismal properties in Blood !)

Ask yon poor mortal, whose disjointed bones

And amputated limbs proclaim his trade,

What is the blaze of War, and why he groans?

He cannot answer ; but his tale is known. 300

Erst a few months, he tasted all the bliss

Of sublunary lives ; a cheerful Wife,

Youth, and a rising race, made up his cares.

But while he fought on Slaughter's fearful plains,

His partner fell beneath the sword of Want! 305

Himself returns warm from the grasp of Death,

But *she* is gone for ever ;—and he begs

With pining Infants for a scanty meal.

Even he who better fares, whose weary limbs

Repose in Chelsea's shade ; whose days, insur'd 310

From griping Penury, pass calmly on ;

Even he, when Winter reigns, feels in each wound

A strong *memento* of his former ills.

If such the never-failing fruits of War,

If such the produce of his Stygian field, 315

What merit those who frame the murd'rous Plough,

And set ferocious Labourers to work ?

'Tis joyous pastime, round the sparkling glass,
 To plan the wreck of states; and matchless wit
 For Luxury on silken beds reclin'd, 320
 While genial fires refresh his *toiling* sense,
 To send his Millions forth in quest of gain,
 To brave new storms, and sleep on planks of Ice:
 But still a greater privilege of Power,
 To sign a warrant for the death of Worlds!
 This cannot be:—where Fancy wouldst thou rove?
 Sure these are crazy Images of thine.
 Ah! that the annalists of every age
 Did not pourtray such soul-afflicting views!
 That the misfortunes which *our* eyes have seen, 330
 Were all *unreal* too:—light as the Dream
 Whose Ghostly figures shrink from Morning's breath;
 And all the plagues that now destroy mankind,
 Nought but the visions of distracted minds!
 Enough to know the dawn of happier years; 335
 To hear the horn of Prophecy proclaim
 The lucid morning of unclouded Peace.
 Then shall the Husbandman pursue his toil
 Strong in vivacious hope. The time of Seed,
 And Harvest's lusty month, 'tis true, remain: 340
 (Thanks to a God whose Bounty still endures,
 These cannot fail thro' *avaricious* Man.)

Yet does the Rustic shrink at War's alarms;
 Shrink for his sons, and tremble for his friends!
 For oft the Drum invades his lone retreat, 345
 Distracts his labours, and lures from his cot
 Some tender Relative; whose *vacant* Chair
 When Evening, Labour's Festival unites
 The industrious Family in mirthful group,
 Dims Health's auspicious eye, and casts a shade 350
 Of frequent Sorrow on their choicest hours.

In War, those thoughts which tranquillize the breast,
 Lose half their wonted sweets; the din of arms
 Astounds Reflection's ear; and distant blood
 Abates the fragrance of the verdant Bower. 355
 Yes, Hammermith! amid thy lov'd retreats,
 Oft as I meet the shapes of pleasures past,
 Expiring Armies break the spell of Thought.
 (Who that can live unmindful of their groans;
 And who that feels not for his fellow-man?) 360
 Oh! for such hours in Memory's pleasing school,
 As those I once enjoy'd without a gloom;
 When Hammermith, among thy well-known glades
 I may again participate the like:
 For, tho' Eternal Suns crown not thy meads, 365
 Nor Alpine glories elevate thy brow,

Yet thro' thy foil revolves the aged Thames,
 And young Remembrance lives in every scene.
 There, when returning from the task of Books,
 Oft has Forgetfulness decoy'd my stay 370
 Till pensive Moonlight led my steps to rest;
 And there, MYRTILLA, when the storm is past,
 Again we'll range in groves of Fairy blifs!
 Friends of my Youth! accept my best esteem;
 To you, the place I love owes much regard; 375
 And long as Memory retains her seat,
 Your kindness will be felt, your virtues told.
 Friendship;—thy smiles can chase the gloom of time,
 Wake Honour's flame amid severest shocks,
 And give Prosperity its brightest hues: 380
 O! still with Love re-tread this mortal round,
 And light a gleam on Sorrow's fading cheek.

Yes: in the precincts of Domestic life,
 Tho' many a straggling weed o'errun its paths,
 And thorns ungrateful meet the traveller's step, 385
 There spring such varied sweets as never deck
 Ambition's scorching heath; there flow such streams
 Of purest nectar, as the fev'rish thirst
 Of lustful Usurpation never tastes.
 Who that has felt—but prizes as he feels, 390

The dear connective zone with which Esteem
 Links kindred spirits near the Social Fire,
 Mid Winter's-elfe inclement cheerless reign?
 Delightful is the lively intercourse
 Of Friends, thus met around the blazing hearth! 395
 Erect on giddy eminence, Disdain
 Perchance will overlook such simple charms;
 Or seeing, deem them far beneath his care:
 Yet these are balms unfading, if aught are
 That scent beneath the skies; and when abus'd, 400
 Or, but neglected, breed a thousand ills
 In states and public councils; whence arise
 Rapine and Murder, Suicide and War;
 With wounds of little note, tho' sorely felt,
 Known in the catalogue of minor plagues. 405
 Our only riches is a little spot,
 Denominated Home: thither directs
 Shoeless Extravagance his blister'd feet,
 Drawn by Parental love; and often there,
 Even Dissipation lingers better hours 410
 Than what he meets in Levity's parade.
 Home is the Temple of serene Delight
 In every age, and every circumstance
 That marks this changing scene; there we behold
 A thousand Household Gods in various shape; 415

And recognize in each some pleasing trace
 Of youthful Mirth, some bright enchanting dream
 Of early life which once substantial shone :
 Thou Paradise of Time—whose sweets oft sung,
 Seem sung without effect; soul-soothing HOME! 420
 O may thy rich, yet unambitious Mines,
 Attract the eye of All; there may they seek
 Uncloying happiness; for *there* alone
 Dwell pleasures new, exhaustless, and supreme.

Alike an Enemy to Health and Mirth, 425
 Thou pest of Earth, Despondency! begone.
 Look, sinking Mortal, round this spacious Globe,
 This universe of Being, and enquire
 Whence the calamities that torture man?
 Judge fair;—and thou shalt see his fiercest pains 430
 Originate within: 'tis from himself,
 His Lust, Ambition, and *unreal* Wants,
 He draws innumerable stings, which rack his mind
 And waste his health. Tho' Death impends o'er all,
 And Death will enter by the gates of Pain; 435
 Yet what is Death, and what the shafts of Death,
 To such as live the Life of Virtue here;
 And look with Faith above these hills of clay?

Those who live otherwise should not complain :
 For Virtue is a rock, devoid of which 440
 Man reels and founders on the sands of Care,
 And loses sight of Heaven. But let him act
 As suits a Candidate for Endless Life,
 He *will* enjoy repose. For him the Morn
 Shakes pearly dew-drops from the budding spray ;
 The Groves attune their melody for him. 446
 For him, when Eve leads Contemplation forth,
 He still respires the harmony of praise.
 Lives he in Cities,—yet his sense is free
 From Dissipation's mists ; whose murky specks 450
 Are more destructive than the nitrous mine.
 Does Summer spread her mantle of delight,
 Or Winter bleach the last Autumnal bough ;
 Does May refuscitate the blooming tribes,
 Or black November weep at Nature's grave ; 455
 Still Equanimity pervades his soul :
 And should the Alps from their foundations move,
 Etna dissolve its everlasting snows,
 And restless Ocean inundate the Land ;
 Still he would look above contending worlds, 460
 To that blest Haven where their clamours cease !

As it was the particular wish of the Gentlemen before whom the following Stanzas were recited, that I would include them in the first Poems I might publish; in compliance with that wish, they are inserted in this publication: and finding after this Addition that some vacant pages yet remained, I have supplied that space with two or three lighter pieces.

STANZAS
DELIVERED AT THE
ANNIVERSARY MEETING

OF THE

Gentlemen Educated under the Rev. Dr. Jones,

AT HAMMERSMITH, APRIL 7, 1796,

AT THE CASTLE AND FALCON, ALDERSGATE-STREET.

COMPANIONS who thro' chance allied,

Together brav'd the raging tide,

And join'd the festive bowl,

Alike, success and danger shar'd,

Whether by southern gales prepar'd,

Or near the northern pole:

When those by separation cross'd,

And long on seas inclement tost,

In harbour reunite—

How exquisite the moments roll!

And storms, that once o'erwhelm'd the soul,

Invigorate delight.

Like them, from Education's seat,
 Where, oft while minds congenial meet,
 They part—to meet no more!
 Divided long; may such this day,
 Again their early friends survey,
 Their amity restore.
 Then Hail the banquet that recalls
 Pastimes amid the sacred walls
 Of learning, once display'd;
 Where Health defy'd the wintry wind,
 And friendly Converse oft reclin'd
 With Summer in the shade.
 While kindred breasts in transport swell,
 And Recollection loves to dwell
 On this enchanting view,
 That sweet relationship of Youth,
 Seal'd by the spotless hand of Truth,
 O let *us* here renew!
 Nor as the streams of rapture flow,
 Absorbing thus each sense of woe,
 Forget *his* arduous toil—
 Beneath whose kind protective care,
 The germs of thought were taught to bear,
 And fertilize their soil:
 To such we owe those joys refin'd
 Which charm the cultivated mind

Thro' ev'ry varied stage ;
 Exhilarate our brightest morn,
 Meridian happiness adorn,
 And gild the frost of age.
 Come, Education, from thy bow'rs,
 Borne on the long-expected hours
 Of universal light ;
 Ye peaceful virtues ! here descend ;
 And with Philosophy, extend
 Thro' realms of Gothic night.

THE REPROOF.

AH, lovely Maid ! couldst thou but see
 How this fond heart recurs to *thee*,
 How faint the stream of Life would flow,
 Didst *thou* not solace all my woe ;
 The boon which Love presum'd to ask,
 Thou wouldst no longer think *a task*.
 Yes ; 'tis a Soul's unclouded Day,
 Seen in thine Eye's benignant ray ;
 That (like the animating Star
 Which guides the Morn's empyreal car,
 Extending o'er the gloomy space
 Phœbus' gay beams, and Flora's grace ;)
 Awakes from Thought's unseemly night,
 The new-born zephyrs of Delight.

Why then, sweet Nymph, thy Pen restrain?
 " Guided by *me* it moves in vain."
 Thus have you said. But, oh! too well
 You know the nature of its spell;
 Too well you know its soft decrees
 Could give my burthen'd spirit ease;
 Or rigid, fan its restless flame,
 Till Passion burnt her wasting frame:
 And PITY will not let the train
 Of Frenzy light this tortur'd brain;
 Nor HESITATION yet impart
 The dear Communion of the Heart!

ON READING THE

Twenty-third Effusion in COLERIDGE'S Poems.

"THOSE hoarse unfeather'd Nightingales of
 " TIME!"
 That muse the CITY POET's wakeful ears;
 And " LAMP-BEAM faint," reflected in the tears
 Of many a Cloudy-Day; and plenteous Slime
 With which the gracious Winter *shoes* his feet;
 Are not his only joys. No;—he delights
 In charms unknown to rural blifs: there meet
 His ravish'd sense, the Songs of gamesome Wights

From Playhouse, Cantoons, and the Masquerade,
 Returning; while modulating Chimes
 From Steeples *heard not on the distant glade,*
 Inspirit oft his else uncheerful Rhymes.
 Nor his to want the spectre-toneing sound
 Heard from St. Paul's in deadliest hour of Night;
 At whose dread warning, dance in ghastly round,
 The murky-visag'd children of AFFRIGHT!
 When crazy storms assail the shatter'd roof
 Of his hight Attic state, no fears corrode
 His ever equal mind. Long render'd proof
 By steeling Poverty; his old abode
 Tempests convulse in vain: for should it crash
 Amid their ruthless strife, He cannot lose
 Aught save his *Life*;—and that's a *Flash*
 Which but withdraws t' unveil his DEATHLESS
 MUSE.

THE LADY AND THE RHYMER.

“SIR—if I call'd you a Coquet,
 Your Verses prove it *true*.”

“Madam—if guilty, don't forget
 I learnt the Art from *You*.”

FINIS.

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ANALYTICAL REVIEW, for *January 1796.*

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MONTHLY REVIEW, for *June 1796.*